

326 LADY WINDERMERE'S
FAN [Acx III]

Cecil GraJam. Hallo, Dumby! I thought you
were asleep.

Dumby. I am, I usually am!

Lord Atigttslts. A very clever woman. Knows
perfectly well

what a clemmed fool I am—knows it as well as I
do myself.

[*Cecil Grahm conies towards him laughing.*]

Ah, you may
laugh, my boy, but it is a great thing to come
across a woman
who thoroughly understands one.

Dually, It is an awfully dangerous thing. They
always end

by marrying one.

Cecil Graham, But I thought, Tuppy, you were
never going to

see her again! Yes! you told me so

yesterday evening at

the club. You said you'd heard

[*Whispering to him.*]

Lord Augustus. Oh, she 's explained that.

Cecil Graham. And the Wiesbaden affair?

Lord Augustus. She *s explained that too.

Durnby. And her income, Tuppy? Has she
explained that?

Lord Augustus. [*In a very serious voiced*] She 's
going to explain

that to-morrow. [*Cecil Graham goes back to*

C table.]

Dumby. Awfully commercial, women nowadays.

Our grand-
mothers threw their caps over the mills, of
course, but, by
Jove, their granddaughters only throw their
caps over mills
that can raise the wind for them.

'*Lord- Augustus.* You want to make her out a
wicked woman.

She is not!

CecU Graham. Oh! Wicked women bother one.

Good women

bore one. That is the only difference between
them.

Lord Augustus. [*Puffing a czgar.*] Mrs. Erlynne
has a future

before her.

Dumby. Mrs. Erlynne has a past before her.

Lord Augustus. I prefer women with a past.

They're always

so demrned amusing to talk to.

Cecil Graham. Well, you'll have lots of topics of
conversation

with her, Tuppy.

[*Rising and going to*

him.]

Lord Augustus. You're getting annoying,

dear boy; you're

getting demmed annoying.

CecU Graham. [*Puts his hands on his shoulders* ^

Now, Tuppy,

you've lost your figure and you've lost
your character.

Don't lose your temper; you have only got one.

ILord Augustus. My dear boy, if I wasn't the most
good-nafcured

man in London-

Cecil Graham. We'd treat you with more respect,
wouldn't we,

Tuppy ?

[*Strolls*

away.]